Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should bee so tyranous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-waies to his wil:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my brest,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prest,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*; hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who:

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sad
A word ill vrgd to one that is
In sadnesse Couzen, I doe loue
Ben. I aymd so neare, whe
Rom. A right good marke-
Ben. A right faire marke,
Romeo Well, in that hit yo
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath
And in strong proofe of chasti
From loues weake childish Bo
Shee will not stay the siege of
Nor bide th' incounter of assa
Nor ope her lap to Sainct-sedu
O she is rich in beautie, onely
That when dyes, with beautie
Ben. Then she hath sworne
Rom. She hath, and in that
For beautie steru'd with her se
Cuts beautie off from all poste
She is to faire, too wise, wisely
To merit blisse, by making me
She hath forsworne to loue, an
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget
Rom. O teach me how I sh
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto
Examine other beauties.
Ro. T'is the way to call hers
These happie Maskes that kisse
Being blacke, puts vs in minde
He that is strooken blind, canno
The precious treasure of his ey
Shew me a Mistris that is passing
What doth her beautie serue bu
Where I may reade who past th
Farewell thou canst not teach m
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k